*Ro.* O I am fortunes foole.
*Ben.* Why doſt thou ſtay?

*Exit.* Romeo.

*Enter Citizens.*

*Citi.* Which way ran he that kild *Mercutio*?
*Tibalt* that murtherer, which way ran he?
*Benu.* There lies that *Tibalt*.
*Citi.* Vp ſir go with me:
I charge thee in the Princes name obey.

*Enter Prince, old* Mountague, Capulet, *their wiues and all.*

*Prin.* VVhere are the vile beginners of this fray?
*Ben.* O Noble Prince, I can diſcouer all:
The vnluckie mannage of this fatall brall,
There lies the man ſlaine by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*.
*Capu Wi.* *Tibalt*, my Cozin, O my brothers child,
O Prince, O Cozin, husband, O the bloud is ſpild
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true,
For bloud of ours, ſhead bloud of Mountague.
O Cozin, Cozin.
*Prin.* *Benuolio*, who began this bloudy fray?
*Ben.* *Tibalt* here ſlaine, whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay,
*Romeo* that ſpoke him faire, bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was, and vrg'd withall
Your high diſpleaſure all this vttered,
VVith gentle breath, calme looke, knees humbly bowed
Could not take truce with the vnruly ſpleene
Of *Tybalt* deafe to peace, but that he tilts
VVith Peircing ſteele at bold *Mercutios* breaſt,
VVho all as hot, turnes deadly point to point,
And with a Martiall ſcorne, with one hand beates
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tibalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it, *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold friends, friends part, and ſwifter then his tongue,





His aged arme beats downe their fatall points,
And twixt them ruſhes, vnderneth whoſe arme,
An enuious thruſt from *Tibalt*, hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tibalt* fled,
But by and by comes backe to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertained reuenge,
And toote they goe like lightning, for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tibalt* ſlaine:
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turne and flie,
This is the truth, or let *Benuolio* die.
*Ca. Wi.* He is a kinſman to the *Mountague*,
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeakes not true:
Some twenty of them fought in this blacke ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for Iuſtice which thou Prince muſt giue:
*Romeo* ſlew *Tibalt*, *Romeo* muſt not liue.
*Prin.* *Romeo* ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*,
Who now the price of his deare bloud doth owe.
*Cap.* Not *Romeo* Prince, he was *Mercutios* friend,
His fault concludes, but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tibalt*.
*Prin.* And for that offence,
Immediately we doe exile him hence:
I haue an intereſt in your hearts proceeding:
My bloud for your rude brawles doth lie a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
It will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares, nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes.
Therefore vſe none, let *Romeo* hence in haſt,
Elſe when he is found, that houre is his laſt.
Beare hence this body, and attend our will,
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.

*Enter* Iuliet *alone.*

Gallop apace, you fiery footed ſteedes,